THE CHILHOWEE ECHO

A Woman's Journal

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SELF-DEPENDENCE.

[Matthew Arnold.]

WEARY of myself, and sick of asking
What I am and what I ought to be,
At this vessel's prow I stand, which bears me
Forward, forward, o'er the starlight sea.

And a look of passionate desire
O'er the sea and to the stars I send:
"Ye who from my childhood up have calmed me
Calm me, ah! compose me to the end."

"Ah! once more," I cried, "ye storm, ye waters,
On my heart your mighty charm renew;
Still, still let me, as I gaze upon you,
Feel my soul becoming vast like you!"

From the intense, clear, star-sown vaults of heaven,
O'er the lit sea's unquiet way,
In the rustling night air came the answer:
"Wouldst thou be as these are? Live as they,

"Unaffrighted by the silence 'round them,
Undisturbed by the sights they see,
These demand not that the things without them
Yield them love, amusement, sympathy.

"And with joy the stars perform their shining,
And the sea its long-silvered roll;
For self-poised they live, nor pine with noting
All the fever of some differing soul.

"Rounded by themselves, and unregardful
In what state God's other works may be,
In their own tasks all their powers pouring,
These attain the mighty life you see."

O, air-born voice! long since, severely clear,
A cry like thine in mine own heart I hear:
"Resolve to be thyself, and know that he
Who finds himself loses his misery!"

A CUBAN WAR INCIDENT.

MOTAT.

THE San Luis Valley is one of the most beautiful and most fertile in all Cuba. From La Barrall, near the Caribbean shore on the South, to the base of the Sierra del Cobre on the North, and from the river San Juan on the West, to La Bocas and beyond on the East, it is a region of surpassing fertility and tropical beauty. In the palmy, prosperous days before the ten years' war the valley was a veritable Garden Bountiful, and the smoke curled skyward from the tall stacks of numerous sugar mills which converted the fields of emerald cane into sugar and brought many pesos to their owners. But ten years of guerilla warfare wrought great havoc in the valley. The sugar mills were in ruins; the fields of cane were burned; the coffee trees of the cafatales were destroyed; the cattle were killed, and many families were left homeless and penniless. Though that war ended more than twenty years ago the valley has not recovered from its devastating influences; ruined mills like huge skeletons, deserted homes and desolate mansions which once rang with music and laughter stand here and there in their peculiar grandeur of decay, monument's of past glory and of war's decadent touches. Of forty-four sugar estates in this valley only four are now in cultivation, and only one sugar mill in operation, the other estates being merely "colonias" of the mill known as La Central, owned and operated by Americans. This estate embraces many hundred acres lying along the river Maniti and its affluent, the River de Ay, and stretching away toward the mountains beyond Magua and Buena Vista.

The valley of San Luis was the theatre of many insurgent raids and sharp encounters between the Cuban rebels and the Spanish soldiers in the late war. Many efforts were made by the insurgents to destroy La Central, but as often were they thwarted, for the place was well guarded.

Pedro Martine had served with distinction as an officer in the Spanish army, but in an evil hour he became involved in a transaction which forced his resignation. He left Spain and went to Cuba, where he became "Administrador" of La Central sugar estate, where his ability and energy won the confidence of his employers, who highly valued his services, but among the dark-skinned wielders of the machete he bore the reputation of a hard task-master. A Spaniard by birth and education, he had no sympathy for the native Cubans who sought to free their island from Spanish rule, and he was one of the most alert and active defanders of the plantation against the repeated attempts of the insurgents to burn the fields of cane and valuable sugar plant which stood on the green banks of the Maniti. Old Pedro had a son, Ramon, a young man who was the idol of his heart, and in whom was centered all his hopes. Great was the father's grief when one day it became known to him that his son had joined an insurgent band which had headquarters in the mountains beyond Palavieja. He raved and swore, beat his breast and wept, and his grief was pleasure to many of the cane-cutters and the oxen-drivers and the mill hands. But Pedro's sorrow was turned to joy when one day Ramon rode into La Central and begged his father's forgiveness, coupled with the assurance that he no more would wander, that he had repented of his action and would hereafter be content to remain at home and be his father's boy. Old Pedro welcomed him with open arms, and there was peace and tranquility in the house of Martine. The son rode with the father over the plantation, through the long lanes flanked with waving cane, where the black men and the brown men and the women of various hues would soon be swinging their machetes from starlight to starlight. But there came a day when the father rode alone and in moody silence, his swarthy face still darker with grief and anger.

Ramon was gone again! He had stolen away in the night and was again in the insurgents' camp. Pedro's wrath knew no bounds; his hatred of the insurgents was kindled anew, and he redoubled his efforts to protect the plantation from their raids. He was determined that they should not carry away so much as a single stalk of cane, if ceaseless vigil could prevent it. The place was very well protected on the river front, and on the road toward Guimaro and Caracusey he had built barricades and established strong outposts. The danger of a raid was from the North, where the valley meets the hills, and the hills rise into mountains, and the mountains melt into a sky line of blue and purple. On the road to La Bocas and Magua and Buena Vista, Pedro established ambuscades and placed on guard trusty men, well armed, and who had instructions to give no warning, but to shoot whoever approached without giving proper signal.

The insurgents had no commissary; they needed no quartermaster; they made out no formal ration returns; there was no red tape to their requisitions for supplies; they made no requisitions, except by stealth or force. A day's rations might consist of a plantain, a potato, a stalk of cane, a banana or a mountain rat. If their midnight raids were lucky they might have beef for breakfast, and the corral of La Central or some other ranch would be one or two oxen poorer. The insurgents' bugle seldom sounded mess call; the dinner hour was not noted in the regular order of the day; it occurred whenever there was anything to eat. Young Ramon's object in apparently deserting the insurgents and returning to his father's house was to ascertain where it would be easiest to effect an entrance to the plantation without detection, and to gather such information as might be of use to him in leading a successful raid on the place. In the eyes of some of the insurgents he who could safely or undetected lead them into a corral of fat cattle or into a well stocked larder or commissary was greater than he who took a city.

One night after the moon had gone down into the sea behind the hills toward Trinidad a small band of insurgents emerged from their mountain retreat and rode swiftly and silently toward La Central. They rode Indian file until near the border of the cane field nearest Buena Vista, when they swung from right to left in an irregular column of twos and were passing up the gentle slope, with the evident purpose of entering the field at a point left of the gate, when a half dozen Winchester riot guns and as many Mausers flashed and roared upon the still night air from the dark recesses of the dense cane, and when the insurgents hastily turned and rode away, four riderless ponies followed after, and the green grass was turning red beneath four bodies that were growing stiff in the moonlight.

The sun had scarcely touched the tops of the tallest palms when Pedro rode out to see the result of his men's volley, they having promptly retreated, as is their custom, without waiting to see the effect of their fire. The sight of the four bodies filled the old Catalonian with delight. "Esta bien! Esta bien!" he declared to his grinning attendants, with approving nod. Smiling with satisfaction, he roughly turned over one of the bodies with his foot and looked into the staring, sightless eyes of—Ramon, his son! The smile of satisfaction changed to a look of horror as the old man cried, "Ay de mi!" and staggered away from the scene.

* * *

When the sun goes down in Cuba it is dark; there is no twilight. Two weeks after Ramon Martine had met death through the instrumentality of his father a handful of insurgents dashed down the trail and entered the North gate just as the sun, like a great red disk, had melted into the blue waters of the Caribbean. They tarried but a moment, and when they rode away toward the River de Ay there was blood on their machetes, and old Pedro Martine was lying dead in the grass.

A HERO'S TROUBLES.

THE furor over the Dewey house incident has subsided, but the echoes of criticism have not died away. It is a pity that there was ever occasion for criticism, and it is to be regretted that so much of the criticism was of such bitter and violent character. There is a Frenchiness about it all that is both deplorable and amusing. It is right and proper to honor heroes—and Admiral Dewey is a hero of whom we may be proud. In honoring him and other brave men of the army and navy we honor ourselves. But we hope it is not unpatriotic to say that in the case of Admiral Dewey, and perhaps of one or two others, we have had a somewhat excessive display of hero-worship. The presentation of a house to Dewey does not seem to us to have been a particularly happy manifestation of exalted patriotism. Dewey's salary is sufficient to maintain him in luxury as long as he lives. He had no family—only one grown son, who is able to and does take care of himself. There were many admirers of Dewey who believed or hoped that he would decline the house as a gift, or if he did accept it it would be with the understanding that when Dewey passed away it would fall to the next ranking officer of the navy and forever remain the house of the chief naval officer and his successors. But Dewey accepted it as his own. Soon after, he married a wealthy woman who has a magnificent home of her own, beside which the Dewey house appears rather humble. For some reason Dewey deeded his house, the gift of admiring friends, to his new wife. Then the storm broke. The suddenness and fury of it surprised and shocked the Admiral, and his wife, who, allow us to say, ought to have had more tact and judgment in the matter than her husband. She sought to correct the error, so far as possible, by deeding the house to her husband's son, a young man who has not sought to shine in the reflected light of his illustrious father, and who seems to be quietly attending to his own business. But the second transfer was too late. It did not correct the mistake of the first transfer, which, however innocent and well-meaning the spirit and intent, was a mistake, which can not be corrected by explanations.

But it was a mistake that did not justify the avalanche of violent criticism, of coarse invective, that was heaped upon him through personal letters and the public press. It was a disgraceful exhibition, reflecting more severely on the critics than on the objects of their attacks, for Mrs. Dewey was also included in their denunciatory utterances. Persons who had not contributed a cent to the purchase of the Dewey home were as violent in their criticisms as those enthusiasts whose volatile natures led them in the excess and fervor of their hero-worship to contribute money for a Dewey home and then to insult and denounce the recipient because he thought it "a gracious act" to present the gift to his wife. These give evidence of having more money than good breeding or good sense.

The old Admiral's statement concerning the affair is pathetic. It reveals chagrin and grief in every sentence. It is his first experience with that uncertain animal the Public when it is ugly and showing its fangs. He never knew it very well, and it never knew him at all until something more than a year ago. Up to the unfortunate house incident his experience with it was very pleasing indeed. It was all smiles and adulation—it had flowers and praises and worship for him. It was hungry for a hero and it was anxious to worship at a hero's feet. But one on whom the white light beats, who stands upon a high pedestal, must conduct himself most circumspectly. A false move or utterance and the smiles are changed to frowns, words of praise to jeers and hisses; those who burned incense for the hero yesterday carry daggers for him to-day. There was, curiously enough, a sort of resentment over Dewey's marriage; and when he gave that house away he set the public, the emotional and frothy element of it, at least, at his heels. In a day he learned how quickly adulation can be changed to condemnation. It is to be regretted that such a large element of the American people is so much like the French in this respect. The French are notably of an excitable nature—volcanic in their emotions; absurdly adulatory when pleased, ridiculously violent of speech, and sometimes of action, when displeased—and easily pleased or displeased. Too many Americans are of the same mercurial temperament. The well-balanced man is not unduly elated over praise from such a source, and he can have but a fine contempt for disapproval from the same quarter.

Dewey does not deserve the abuse that has been heaped upon him, and he may congratulate himself that it has not come from the best element of the American people. But he made a mistake in accepting that house as he did, and he made a greater mistake, whatever his motive, when he deeded it to his wife. True, after the house was presented to him it was as much his as if he had paid his money for it, and, considered from a merely mercenary point of view, he had a right to dispose of it as he saw fit. Had there been necessity for his disposal of the house he would have been much less subject to criticism. One should not dispose of a gift without a most excellent reason. It was self-evident that the givers of the house expected Dewey to keep it and not to give it away, even to his wife. If he was prompted by sentiment it was a peculiar and unfortunate exhibition of that admirable quality. If he acted from a merely practical point of view it was even more unfortunate.

Lieutenant Hobson allowed his head to be turned, as the saying goes, by the passing enthusiasm of the populace and the attentions that were bestowed upon him. His public osculatory performances were rather nauseating. But he displayed a worthy spirit when he demurred to the proposition that the mortgage on his parents' home be paid by popular subscription. Hobson's only income is the pay of a naval lieutenant. Dewey's personal income is more than a thousand dollars a month, and he has a wife who possesses several hundred thousand dollars in her own right. The independent pride of the young Alabamian and the inborn thrift of Admiral Dewey afford a noticeable contrast. Every true American must admire and honor the hero of Manila bay. He has written his name in the temple of fame in characters too deep and indelible to ever be effaced. But the fervent hero-worshippers might save themselves some disappointment by keeping in mind the somewhat melancholy adage, "There is none perfect, no, not one."

University of Tennessee.

It is sometimes a wholesome lesson, a sort of awakening to one's shortcomings, to go out from home and note the doings of other folk. And better still, it sometimes sends one home with a fuller appreciation of one's own. This is pertinent to our University. It is a liberal education in the highest duty owing to this State institution which has added dignity and value to Knoxville for many years before Knoxville grew to be so arrogant in her consciousness of material development as to make her grow careless of what had once been her pride and the dominant factor in her social and literary life. We repeat, it is a liberal education in simple duty, to be confronted with the tremendous value to be placed upon educational institutions elsewhere by the community in which they are located. There was a time, too, when the Tennessee University was not only approved as a first-class place of learning, but it was the centre of interest in and about this city. In the hurry and materialism of this tumultuous latter-day life, Knoxville has dissociated herself too much from the life within her University. It is hers more than it is the State's and should be upheld by her, made an integral part of her highest interests. One is struck by the deference shown the various institutions in a neighboring State. Their life is made a part of the community life. Their students are at once taken in as factors in that life and given to understand that their interests, their pleasures, their catastrophes, belong to the community and are to be enjoyed or mourned as a unit. A game of football, a match at tennis, or a swimming race, is sufficient excuse for an overwhelming excess of enthusiasm in an event of paramount personal importance. And it was a gratification to listen to eager praise of our own University, with its beauties of location and unrivalled equipment. We have a great power in our midst, a power being wielded by conscientious and devoted guides, and it is to our discredit that we, as a people, do not more firmly support them by a personal interest in their labors.

A ruling has been made by the Illinois Supreme Court that the shade trees in front of a man's property cannot be cut down or mutilated, without his consent. The suit was one in which a property owner sued a telephone company for cutting off the limbs of trees in front of his house in order to make room for wires.

CRY OF A BROKEN HEART.

BY A KNOXVILLE GIRL

WILL it ever be thus, will my thoughts always wander
Back to the old sweet days?
When our lives flowed on with such rythmical measure,
And we were so happy and gay?
When we met and parted, little dreaming that ever
Our lives should be severed for aye!
That shadows should darken our pathway forever—
Our sweet dream of Love glide away!

Will it ever be thus, will my heart always turn
To the days when your love was my all?
When to love you and feel that you loved in return
Was all the bliss that I craved!
How can I repress it, this feeling of pain,
Which is gnawing so deep in my heart?
For the PAST with its dreams must fade from my life,
And the Future seems, oh, so dark!

Will it ever be thus, will my heart always ache,
When, in fancy, I live in those days?
Ere our love had grown cold and our spirits estranged,
When our life seemed a Heaven on Earth?
Will Time, as the days, weeks and months glide by,
Help to smother this passionate pain?
And teach my sad heart to forget all the Past,
And welcome contentment again?

Who knows? who can say what the future will bring?
It is not for us to discern!
God ONLY can help us to bravely march on
In the battle of life, tho' our aching hearts yearn
For the love and the days that are gone!
So, farewell! my darling! May the same God above
Watch o'er you through life—fill your heart with His love!

In Music's Temple.

Behold, a day came when there was to be a concert in the city, and the same was noised abroad, and many people hied themselves to the theater to hear the same, for it was to be by no means a common affair. It was said that the players upon the instruments were to be maidens and not men, and this was a sight few had seen, and the people wondered what manner of music this might be. And, lo! there was great expectation, and there were many whisperings as the people sat waiting for the time when the curtain should arise.

And after a time the curtain rolled up, and lo! there sat upon the stage twenty maidens—some dressed in white and others in blue, and in green and in pink; and they appeared to be arranged with a view to harmonize the colors, and they did blend wondrously, and many of the maidens were quite fair. And, behold! those who played the violins and some of the players upon other instruments also had bare arms, and their fair throats were bare also—so that one would have forgiven them even had they not played very well, so fair was the sight to look upon.

And, behold! in a little while one came forward, much larger than the rest, and in her hand she held a little stick, and, making a stately bow, stepped upon a raised dais. And when this was done the eyes of all the maidens turned to her as though waiting for her to give them some signal to begin. And, behold! in a moment she waved the wand once—or maybe twice—and the bows began to tremble upon the violin strings, and the flute gave forth tones like a bird; and one playing a French horn—an instrument most difficult to play upon with smoothness and purity of tone—did draw from the instrument such melody that one fain felt that even Orpheus himself need not have been ashamed to have been her instructor.

And ever and anon the music would rise to greater pitch and to greater power, and then would die away sometimes like the whisper of a lover in the moonlight, all soft and tender, and again it would be a sigh or as the wail of anguish as of one suffering some dreadful thing. And she who stood with the little stick in her hand would not only use it but at times she would beckon now to one and now to another coaxingly with the finger of the left hand as though she would draw some tone yet more wonderful from the instruments. And, lo! the instruments played together in great harmony, so that much of it sounded like the perfect chords of one great organ.

And presently there arose one from among the players, and she had in her hand a little silver horn, and on her fingers were jewels, and her hand was as a model for a sculptor, and her throat was fair and white. And she stood with eyes cast down as though waiting to hear the music somewhere ere she took up the strain. She who stood on the dais stepped down, and waved her little stick again, and the players played a few bars. Then she who had the horn put it to her lips, and the tone was pure and full and rich and wonderously sweet, and the people sat and listened with great joy.

And one commenting upon it all said to another, "What do these things mean? Has Orpheus turned changeling that he now has priestesses instead of priests in the Temple of Music?" And the one to whom the word was spoken said that another had perhaps spoken the truth about it all when he said that there should be both the priest and the priestess in the temple, perfect music wedded unto perfect song, in order that the world might have the harmony it so greatly needs to lessen the sum of its too great discord.

Folly Rebuked.

There are many worthy clubs, orders and societies—literary, social, patriotic, industrial, and so on—and there are some whose names and pretensions border on the ridiculous, if indeed they do not cross the line. The most absurd that has yet been proposed in this free republic is "The Order of the Crown," of which only persons of royal descent can become members. A person who writes his name Charles H. Browning and who claims to be an expert in genealogy, has written, among others of a similar character, a book on "Americans of Royal Descent." Mr. Browning is a manufacturer of family trees who makes a specialty of tracing the lineage of those who have royal blood in their veins—or of discovering royal blood, which answers the purpose equally as well. His "Americans of Royal Descent" is the blue-book, the guide and authority that controls "The Order of the Crown" and those who seek admission to its sacred circles. A number of persons whose ancestors were probably English poachers, Scotch crofters or German peasants, and whose forbears in this country were perhaps hide and rum peddlers, have eagerly sought membership in "The Order of the Crown." Mrs. Alexander Van Rensselaer, a sensible American society woman, whose name is pretty well known, was asked to join the society, but she refused, and in giving the reasons for her refusal, she hit Mr. Browning, who brought suit against her for libel. The libel suit was based on part of Mrs. Van Rensselaer's letter, as follows:

"I think the title of this society disrespectful to our ancestors who fought in the War of Independence to free this country from a crown, and also think it un-American and unpatriotic. If the aim of this society is purely social I cannot agree with you that royal descent will insure distinguished social position in this country. As I understand this matter Mr. Browning's book, called 'Americans of Royal Descent,' is to be the standard of admission to the society. This work quotes no authorities for the statements it contains, but gives lists of people that Mr. Browning declares are descended from monarchs of the Middle Ages, and in almost all cases the descendants are proved to be illegitimate. If I have any such blot on my escutcheon, time has drawn the merciful veil of oblivion over it, and it would be folly for me to be the one to point it out and emphasize it. The only insignia that you could adopt for your society would be the 'bar sinister,' and that is hardly one to be proud of."

This is sensible language from a sensible woman, and it is not surprising that Judge McPherson of the Federal Court has sustained Mrs. Van Rensselaer in her contention that her letter was not libelous. But she has given "The Order of the Crown" a blow from which it can hardly recover.

ON THE ROAD.

[These graphic lines, vividly descriptive of a murder, are by Will Wallace Harney, who was known to many Tennesseeans.]

On the road; the lonely road.
Under the cold white moon;
Under the ragged trees he strode;
He whistled, and shifted his heavy load;
Whistled a foolish tune.

There was a step, timed with his own;
A figure that stooped and bowed;
A cold white blade that flashed and shone
Like a splinter of daylight, downward thrown,
And the moon went behind a cloud.

But the moon came out so broad and good,
The barn cock woke and crowed;
Then roughed his feathers in drowsy mood,
And the brown owl called to his mate in the wood,
That a dead man lay on the road.

A parcel weighing eleven pounds (the limit of weight) may now be sent by parcels post from New York to Hamburg, or any other German city, for $1.32. The same package sent by post from New York to Brooklyn would cost for transportation $1.76. In other words, our inland parcels post system fixes the rate at sixteen cents per pound, while the international rate is twelve cents, a greater charge for conveying a package one mile than five thousand.